

LOVE, JEALOUSY AND VALOR IN THIS STORY.



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KNOKES OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

At the time of the French Commune, in 1871, during the conflict at Paris between the Communards and the troops of the French Republic, there was a young girl who tried to shield from harm her sweetheart, Elise Rollin. She is a timid, fragile girl who always seemed to be afraid of the world outside. Another girl, Sarah, was a dashing Amazon, full of Communard enthusiasm and love.

Elise's mother and sisters had hoped love, but consents in kiss her. Though he loves Elise deeply, he decides to pursue temporarily behind the scenes.

Sarah, too, who will fight at Elise's side on the barricades, faces entreaties. Elise's mother, too, the fighting is over, she decides to remain hidden in her own home during the conflict.

CHAPTER IV

The Fight at the Barricades.

The end of the Commune drew rapidly near.

While the impractical Communards were wrangling over unimportant details the Versailles army on May 21 forced them back and entered Paris.

ELISE PUT AT WORK ON THE BARRICADES



One of the women thrust a gun in her hand and told her she must stay and fight.

Now was the time for hand-to-hand street and barricade fighting.

The fighting was already hard and furious in Paris, though not so hard and furious as it was to be before the end, and while Ernest Durand went on from the Hotel de Ville to join Elise Rollin set up in her巢 in the barricades.

Elise trembled for him and for herself, trembled especially for fear that his love for her might not endure in this tremendous stir of human passion.

For she saw some of the fighting when her own eyes saw how the last of battle could be held off men, and said to herself how love might take wings and fly away while this revolutionary frenzy shook their souls.

She had no even to leave her room to see the frenzies of the scene.

In her own street, not twenty yards from the house in which she lived, there was a barricade mostly thrown up in the morning when the news of the entry of the Versailles came.

The very sight of it aroused her terror. But there was moment when curiosity prevailed, and in spite of her fears, warning she stripped down to look at it.

Then a fresh thing happened to terrify her. Some of the wild women of the quarter, noticing that her dress was neater and better than their own, addressed her, saying:

"No others here! Bend on a hand. Cloveys, in carrying peynes stones." She did not dare disobey, but for a moment she was as she was told in fear and trembling.

Then one of the women, more treacherous than the others, thrust a gun in her hand and told her she must stay and fight.

But this time a man interfered—a strong man who had pity for weak women; there were some such among the Communards, though they were not many.

"The conception is only for men," he said. "If women fight for the Communards they fight as volunteers."

Then he led her add in an undertone:

"Run, little one, and hide yourself away. There is no time to lose."

And so, in fear of life and death, she ran, and through five flights of stairs, the apartment, and locked the door behind her.

For a little while she was too scared to do anything but cry.

"Open! Open at once. In the name of

POPE BLESSED PAPOOSE.

Pluckend Indian Child Had an Audience with Leo XIII.

Gray-bearded Prophet Alarms Congregation Till Police Come.

Dr. J. Baldwin Shaw had about finished his sermon at last night's services in the chapel of the West End Presbyterian Church, One Hundred and Fifth street and Amsterdam avenue, when tall man in clerical vestments burst in.

"Prepare yourself, the day of judgment is coming," he cried.

Dr. Shaw replied: "Yes, and we're all prepared."

The old man kept on: "Remember, the world is soon coming to an end!" He spoke in a hollow voice.

The old woman present became alarmed and arose in agitation. Several ushers seized the prophet and the police were called. The man was persuaded to go home.

TEA AT TUESDAY MATINEES LATEST THING IN BROOKLYN.



Mrs. Mollie Spooner

The Audience Is invited to Step Back on the Stage and Make the Acquaintance of the Play Folk—The Beverage Varies in Degree and Color.

Mrs. Mollie Spooner takes a leading part in a Brooklyn stock company and is the mother of a considerable part of the company. She has attracted attention by her matinee dress, which Jane Gordon describes.

The "Bistro Room Only" sign was up in the lobby of the Brooklyn Park Theatre when I arrived on the scene Tuesday afternoon, or, I would say, it should have been. The firehouse across the bridge was stillfully packed to the doors. Men and women swarmed about the hexagonal windows and stood in knots on the sidewalk in front of the house grumbling over their ill-fortune and deplored the fact that they would get no tea.

Edna May was a feature of the Tuesday matinee at this theatre under the new regime.

The idea is Mrs. Spooner's. Mollie Spooner is the new actress of the Park, and she believes in novelty and innovation. The ladies of her Tuesday matinee audiences are cordially invited to meet her on the stage at the end of the performance to partake of liquid refreshment and incidentally to become acquainted with the members of her company.

This beverage offered on these occasions varies. It isn't always tea, although it is never referred to as anything else. You are invited to a violet tea, but you are likely to get pink lemonade or a pale-green punch. Tea sounds better. It seems sazzy, somethin'.

It was violet punch yesterday. Passing through a side door leading forward, I found myself on the lighter side of the footlights and "behind the scenes." A little woman in cockerels and a man-in-theatre gown greeted me cordially and told me who was Miss Spooner. She conducted me down a flight of stairs along a passage which was tastefully draped with bright new chintz and looked really homely. This was her dressing room. A nice big rocker was placed at my disposal.

I am sort of housecleaning just now. Mrs. Spooner said, "and getting things into shape to suit a somewhat particular woman. I like to see things neat, and although the theatre was clean enough for any one but a housekeeper when I took it, I saw many little touches to be given and improvements to be made with soap and water and lots of chintz."

"Are you going to stay here long?" I asked her.

"I have taken the lease for two years with an option. I can remain as long as I like. It looks now as though I should be here for five years, if not longer. I

And her mother seemed greatly dis-



Edna May Spooner



Cecile Spooner

have had my own company on the road fifteen years ago like a good girl and work the lights until dark work."

The play was approaching its finale and Mrs. Spooner was rapidly making ready to receive her guests. The curtains were all drawn, likewise the fancy, old-fashioned gowns.

I want my girls to be seen in New York. There is a future for them. I am a good business woman and I am steadily growing from the start. Last week turned away people on four occasions.

I have my own costumer, and we change the bill every week.

"My orchestra leader has also been with me for fourteen years," Mrs. Spooner went on. "He was only a boy when he joined us. You must see my men. They are just off the scene."

Mrs. Spooner disappeared for a moment. This is the best, the kindest, the most amiable woman in the whole wide world," Miss Grove declared earnestly. "She has been a real mother to us all."

A young girl with a profusion of curly hair flew into the room and, securing instructions, crashed my hand firmly, thereby making a friend of me for life.

So of course you know what happened. At the grand opening of the theatre, the manager and one person of the troupe, the business manager, felt it his duty to shout at them and tell them off to surround the table and to "stay down." He evidently forced it with a gun.

Somebody asked me to stand still a moment and then there was a flash and bang, and I was hit in the face. I don't know if it had been taken. If that picture appears I hope there will be printed a story.

When I came away he was still pouting under the pretty girls, while Mrs. Spooner and her charming daughter were chattering politely with the elderly ladies and "daffy" girls.

JANE GORDON

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